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AND

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### A BRAZILIAN FAMILY REMOVING TO THEIR COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

This fine and spirited sketch conveys to the mind of the reader, not a little of the animation and pleasure, which the Brazilian must feel, on leaving their city abodes for the luxuriant fields and the magnificent scenery of their country residences. What a spreading plain extends before them, what noble swells rise to the steep sides of the mountain! How inviting the situation of the farm-house, on the verge of the level ground, with its open fields and orchards around it, and the group of half wild horses performing their gambols in perfect freedom!

We may well conceive that such a sight must seem welcome indeed, to a family accustomed to spend the pleasant season of the year among the beauties and luxuriance of

nature, and now just escaped again from the crowded houses and the confined apartments of the cities, described in such unattractive terms in the extracts we have already published from Mr. Kidder's *Sketches of Brazil*. Not that we have reason to imagine, that the plan, or furniture of a Brazilian country house have much to boast of; for too many of them, we presume, are not above the level of that represented in the print on the title page of our 19th number. But in those warm climates, in pleasant weather, the people are not confined to their houses, and in the country they are delivered from all inconveniences of close neighborhoods.

The style of travelling enjoyed by the family before us, shows that they are of a su-

perior class. In speaking of the modes of travelling, Mr. Kidder tells us, (vol. 1. page 108,) that "he who does not walk, must expect to be conveyed on the back of mules or horses, and to have his baggage transported in the same manner." But it is often difficult, and sometimes impossible, to find even these, or to ride, with any degree of comfort, those which are to be obtained.

And the explanation is given in a very intelligible manner—thus. Almost the only beast of burthen in motion, are those kept on the country estates, to transport the products of the land to the cities, and to take back in return the salt and other articles consumed on the farms. If the traveller finds a train of these mules proceeding on the route by which he is going, he may think himself fortunate; but he has still greater reason to congratulate himself, if he is able to obtain among them all, one animal which has ever carried anything before but a pack-saddle, and loads of merchandize, under which they contract a gait and habits most incommodious, and often intolerable to a rider.

Accompanying each train of mules is a rude, half-savage driver, who prefers to go on foot, and presents a singular figure, with legs and arms bare, and long and crooked knife, of superior temper, and sometimes sheathed in a costly manner, twisted in his belt and hanging at his back. So miserably clad are these "tropeiros," that, Mr. Kidder tells in one place, soon after setting off, one who served him as guide, lost off his shirt, and travelled on, with his shoulders bare, and of a color so tawney that it was of almost pure yellow.

But the family represented in our print are furnished with a wheel carriage, a vehicle of quaint appearance in our eyes, and drawn by two fine large oxen with broad horns, while the horseman is mounted on a fine, spirited steed, whose curvettings contrast with their heavy movements. The broad and solid wooden wheels, turning with their axles, intimate the inveteracy of old habits, imported from Portugal, and retained for ages in spite of their awkward appearance, and all their friction and squeaking. The umbrella-like awning raised over head, reminds us of the power of the sun in those southern regions; while the figure of the lady raised above it to survey the landscape just opening from the summit of the hill, indicate the eagerness with which she

anticipates a return to the enjoyments of the country. The dresses of the whole party are in keeping with the rank of the family, down to the costume of the "tropeire," and the caparison of the horse.

Yet there is one reflection to be made, on viewing this gay and not uninteresting group, painful to a person of philanthropic sentiments;—although natives, and inhabitants of the New World as well as ourselves, they and their countrymen are as little known to us, and as much disconnected from us, as if they dwelt in Asia or Africa; and there seems to be as little prospect of our ever becoming acquainted or connected with them, for any object useful to them or to ourselves. Were they in fact like us in their opinions and feeling on any single subject whatever, there might be some hope of forming a friendly correspondence: but such is the difference in habits and views, especially in everything relating to religion, that it is extremely difficult to point out any probable way of introducing a change for the better, while that remains unaltered.

Yet doubtless the truth will ultimately prevail in the vast territories of Brazil; and when intelligence and christianity shall prevail, what a splendid country it must become!

#### Albany in 1609.

Two hundred and thirty-six years ago the site on which the city of ALBANY is located, was first visited by civilized man. It was on the 19th September, 1609, that that renowned navigator, Captain Henry Hudson, cast anchor in the quiet waters of the noble river that bears his name, opposite, and, as is supposed, near Columbia street. Nature lay clothed in all the rudeness of primeval simplicity. The Red Men, the Mohawks, those wild and savage children of the forest, and who then exulted in all the power and glory of their race, were its sole and undisputed occupants.—Since that day what mighty changes have been wrought! With the visit of Hudson the fate of these wild dwellers was sealed. They were left for a time to peace and quietude; but the Dutch East India Company, in whose employment the noble Hudson had thus far peered into a wild, unknown country, after a few years, turned their attention to the annual visiting of these regions, for the purpose of traffic with the natives, and in the end, to its settlement. It was thus visited for a few years, the traders coming out in the fall and returning to Holland in the spring. It was a prosperous place of traffic, and its permanent occupancy was decided upon. Then its visitors were allowed to come and go, peacefully, by the unsuspecting aborigines. Now the domes of a bustling commercial city, with



more than 41,000 inhabitants, disport in the rays of a glowing sun! But of its then race of dwellers not a monument remains to speak of their prowess or inferiority. They have passed down the tide of time, with naught but tradition, and but a frail portion of history of later times, to speak of their "having been!"

The Mohawks held all the lands on the western side of the river, from its head waters to the Catskill mountains; while, in like manner, the Mohicans were the occupants of all the eastern side, from Tappan Sea up to its head. The Mohawks were unfriendly to the Mohicans, and eventually became their conquerors.

As the "Half-Moon," and her hardy and adventurous mariners, came ploughing her way through the water, the simple-hearted denizens were struck with awe and astonishment; and when the strange and unfamiliar object had folded its wings and remained stationery, still more their wonder grew. But this feeling of awe soon passed away, and here the adventurers remained four days, cultivating the friendship of the natives, trafficking with them for furs, giving them in exchange trinkets and "strong drink." The use of the "fire water" at first, so intoxicated one of their number, and so fearfully astonished the others, "that they knew not how to take it, and made ashore quickly in their canoes," from the deck of the vessel.

Capt. Hudson first entered the waters of New York harbor on the third of Sept. 1609. About the waters of this harbor he spent several days in fishing, visiting, and trafficking with the natives of the surrounding shores. He first entered the "Groot Rivier," or Hudson river, on the morning of the 12th Sept., when he cast anchor, and was soon visited by 28 canoes filled with natives, men, women and children; but fearing treachery, they were not allowed to come on board. At noon, he again weighed anchor and proceeded two leagues higher up the stream. In two days he had reached the high and picturesque regions of West Point, where, on looking around upon the sublime scene by which he was environed, he records that "the land grew very high and mountainous." These regions bore the name of *Mateawan*. On the 15th he had passed the high mountains above Newburgh, making fifty miles in one day, "observing great stores of salmon." He came at night to the present place of landing at Catskill, where he anchored and was received by "a very loving people and a very old man, by whom he and his crew were very well used." He was conveyed on shore in one of their canoes, where he "saw much of Indian corn and beans drying, enough to load three ships."—The next day he anchored near the present city of Hudson, where he made a short stay, little dreaming that, as time onward rolled, here would be located a city bearing his honored name. He continued his exploration, cautiously, until the 19th, when he anchored

in our waters. Here our adventurers were much visited by the frank and generous natives, who, on all hands, made them welcome.

Finding that his further progress was attended with hazard, Capt. Hudson, on the 23d, set out on his return. In his descent, he stopped at Redhook, where, within an hour, he caught "two dozen mullets, breames, basses and barbil's." He also anchored off Poughkeepsie, and was visited by the natives, who brought him a quantity of Indian corn. On the 29th he anchored somewhere near Newburgh, where he observed, "here was a very pleasant place to build a towne." His next stopping place was in the vicinity of Stony Point; and, on the 2d of October, he came to anchor in the neighborhood of Fort Washington, where he was assailed by the natives with arrows, who came off in their canoes.—Fire arms were discharged in return, when the assailants made ashore again in the greatest terror. On the 4th of October, he "left the great mouth of the Great Rivier," and with all sail set, put off to sea.

Capt. Hudson had a safe and prosperous voyage on his return home, and, in 1610, he again set out on his darling expedition, the discovery of a north-east passage to India.—In the neighborhood of Iceland his crew mutinied, and on Sunday the 21st of June, 1611, they forced him, his youthful son, and seven others adrift in a shallop, the fate of whom has never been ascertained. It is supposed that they might have reached Diggs' cape and were massacred, or that they were crushed amidst masses of ice. But it was not until 1614 that Albany got its first infant settlement, and this was only a redoubt or little fort, which was located upon *Marte Gerritse's* or *Boyd's Island*, just below the bounds of the city.—To this was given the name of *Casteel Eylandt*, (Castle Island) alluding to its defence. Here was mounted two brass and eleven stone guns, garrisoned by a dozen soldiers under the command of an "Opper-hoofdt," or chief—making just as many men as guns.—This spot was chosen for the double purpose of trading with the Indians for furs, and to secure themselves from any sudden attack from their savage neighbors. This post was abandoned in 1617, having encountered there an unexpected foe, the annual floods, which destroyed their works and drove them from the island. The next point of location was at the mouth of the Normans-kill creek, a few miles further south, where was constructed a fortress, and where was held a memorable treaty, which did more to conciliate the good will of the Indians, and to secure their good intentions toward the embryo city, than all the powder and ball which they could have expended. This treaty was long remembered and referred to with pride, by the early settlers of Albany. This post, in turn, was also abandoned, when finally, in the year 1623, the first commencement of the city proper was made. The spot now chosen was near the

"Fort Orange Hotel," in Market street. Here was erected a fort, which was called "Fort Orange," in honor of the prince of Orange.—From this germ sprang the noble city, which to-day can boast of more truly solid wealth, than any other city of equal dimensions and population, on this continent. Albany received her original charter in 1686.

Albany, in its earlier days, was fruitful in names, often bearing several at the same time. It was called *Beaverwyck*, until 1623; *Fort Orange* until 1647; *Williamstadt* until 1664, when, by reason of the English conquest, it first received the name of Albany, after the Duke of York and Albany, who subsequently ascended the English throne as King James II. During this period, it also bore the nickname of *De Fuyck*, "Hoop Net," (in reference to the use of that article in fishing,) or, "The Net," (in allusion to the supposed grasping or catching propensity of the inhabitants in the accumulation of wealth.) The Indians of the Munsey tribe called it *Laaphawachking*, "the place of stringing wampum beads," for which its inhabitants were much prized. The Mohawks called it *Scho-negh-ta-da*, "the end of the pine woods." The Mohicans called it *Gaschetenick*; the Delawares, *Mahicavaittuck*, and the Iroquois, *Chohotatia*. And for about a century it was a place almost as common to Indian visitors as to whites. It being the advanced post of the fur trade, it was for many years the head *Beaverwyck* for the sale of the beaver and otter skins of the Indians. It was the market proper for all the furs which "the Great Five Nations" could gather from their vast hunting grounds—their "Couxsachraga," importing the Dismal Wilderness. G. T.

NOTE.—Watson's "Historic Tale of Olden Time," has been drawn upon for that portion of the above which relates to Hudson's passage up the river, &c., and the writings of our late fellow-citizen, the Hon. John Van Ness Yates, for other parts of our sketch.—*Alb. Eve. Journal*.

#### LIVING SKETCHES OF ITALY—No. 8.

##### A Prison for Boys in Rome.

A part of the Pope's system of "Prison Discipline" is that of the Convents. The following account of one of them is from the pen of Signor Siocci, a young Cistercian Monk, who escaped from Rome to England a few month's since.

"Having listened to the whole recital without any manifestation of anger—from which I argued good, and thought myself indebted to the kind interposition of the Father Confessor—he mildly inquired whether I really did not believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and, in short, in all that the Romish Church taught. I frankly answered, No. His eminence did not at this reply bristle his hair like a wounded bear, nor swell himself like a porcupine said to dart his quills at an

offender; no, he did something worse; . . . he smiled with the smile of a Jesuit, and said, in a gentle tone, "My son, I clearly perceive that there is no malice in you; you give too ready an ear to the inventions of heretics, and this is a consequence of your not having received sufficient instruction. I feel assured that when you shall have heard a series of lectures from the good Father Jesuits, those excellent men of whom you already know something, your ideas will be cleared, and the darkness with which you are now enveloped will give place to light. Repair, then, immediately to S. Eusebio for three days; that time will, I think, suffice to set your doubts at rest. Tell my wishes to your Superior, and go without delay; you will there be treated as you merit." Praised be the truth! whatever may be the faults of this poor Cardinal, no one can reproach him with telling a falsehood in this instance; as the treatment I received from those excellent men will prove.

"The idea of escaping with so easy a penance, of being able to pass three days away from the monastery of San Bernardo—a place odious to me from a thousand remembrances—and of mixing with persons whom I yet supposed would echo my complaints against the monks, awoke in my heart such joy and gladness, that I prepared with alacrity to obey the command. To return to the monastery—to ask the consent of the Superior, which was readily granted—to prepare my portmanteau, was the affair of a moment. As I was getting into the carriage, two persons of sinister aspect approached and signified their intention of accompanying me. Who they were, or what was their profession, I knew not; all that I was acquainted with was their names—one was Constantino Bon-tempi, the other Pietro Sordini.

"These men I had often seen talking with the Superior, but without troubling myself to learn any thing of their calling, for their appearance was by no means prepossessing. With regard to their profession, I think I may venture to assert that they were men of bad character, ruffians of the monastery—flesh sold to the Scribes and Pharisees. These persons accompanied me to the gate of S. Eusebio, where, having consigned me into the hands of others, they instantly disappeared, taking with them my servant and, what afterwards proved to me a still greater misfortune, my portmanteau. Whether this was the effect of inadvertency, or a refinement of cruelty, I cannot determine. My attention being arrested by the two Jesuits who had come out to receive me, and who were profuse in their civilities, I neither heeded the absence of my servant, whom I supposed occupied in his duties, nor the sudden departure of the carriage, but walked at once into the monastery with my two gaolers.

"We traversed along corridors, till we arrived at the door of an apartment which they requested me to enter, and they themselves retired. On opening the door I found myself



in a close dark rook, barely large enough for the little furniture it contained, which consisted of a small hard bed—hard as the conscience of an inquisitor—a little table cut all over, and a dirty ill-used chair. The window, which was shut, and barred with iron, resisted all my efforts to open it. My heart sunk within me, and I began to cogitate on the destiny that was in store for me; but, notwithstanding all my misgivings, I could not persuade myself that the word of a Cardinal would be broken. At length the truth burst upon my mind, that possibly his words might be easily verified in a contrary sense, and that there was something sybil-like about them. Had I not made to him an open avowal of my disbelief in the Romish opinions? and yet I had interpreted his words “As you merit,” in the sense which my own conscience dictated, without reflecting that he spoke according to his.

“The Jesuit Giuliani entered at this moment and found me absorbed in these reflections. Recognizing in him one of the two, who but a short time before, had done the honors of the house and overwhelmed me with civilities, I hoped to be able to obtain, through his means, some enlightenment on the subject that engrossed my thoughts. The profound obscurity which reigned in the apartment prevented me from perceiving that he no longer wore the same hilarity of countenance with which he had received me, otherwise I should probably have abstained from a request which I immediately made, that he would permit the window to be opened for the admission of light and air. Before the words were finished he interrupted me, exclaiming in a voice of thunder, “How! wretched youth, thou complaineest of the dark, whilst thou art living in the clouds of error? Dost thou desire the light of heaven, while thou rejectest the light of the Catholic faith?”

“Though I perceived remonstrance would be useless, I replied, ‘Know, if you are yet ignorant of it, that I have been sent here by the Cardinal Castracani, for three days, for the purpose receiving instruction, and not to be treated as a criminal.’

‘For three days,’ he resumed, counterfeiting my tone of voice; ‘for three days! that would be nothing. The dainty youth will not, forsooth, be roughly treated; it remains to be seen whether he desires to be courteously entertained. Be converted, be converted, condemned soul! fortunate is it for thee that thou art come to this place. Thou wilt never quit it excepting with the real fruits of penitence! Among these silent shades canst thou meditate at thy leisure upon the deplorable state into which thou art fallen. Wo unto thee, if thou refusest to listen to the voice of God, who conducts souls into solitude that he may speak with them!’ So saying, he abruptly left me.

“I remained alone, drooping under the weight of a misfortune, which was the more

severe, because totally unexpected. I stood, I know not for how long, like a statue in the same position in which the Jesuit had left me. On recovering from this lethargy, the first idea that presented itself was flight; but this thought was no sooner conceived than abandoned—there was no possibility of flight. I gave myself up to my reflections, which were of the gloomiest character; not a single one could I find calculated to give me the slightest relief. The thoughts of my family were stifled by the desolate remembrance of their estrangement; those of the monastery, and of the shadow of liberty I there enjoyed, were overcome by an innumerable host of bitter recollections, among which arose in gigantic form my unconquerable hatred to the monastic vow. Next, I considered the canonical laws. What relief could I hope for from them? was not the little which they possessed of justice and reason distorted for the purpose of making me a victim? The cardinals and the pope presented themselves to my imagination, but ever with a scornful and deriding laugh, like Democritus of old. The past, the present, and the future, seemed to be indissolubly linked to each other with a triple chain, on which I read nothing but misfortune! . . . . The ever-returning desire of liberty again assailed me, and if I sometimes endeavored to deceive myself with the belief that after three days my torments would cease, a fearful cry immediately dissipated this only hope, repeating to me the mysterious “*that would be nothing*,” thundered in my ears by the Jesuit.

“Without giving a long and minute account of the manner in which I passed my wearisome days in this prison, let it suffice to say that they were spent in such reflections as the foregoing, and in listening to sermons that were preached to me four times a day, in the private chapel, by the Fathers Giuliani and Rossini. These discourses were directed to the pretended confutation of Protestantism, and I heard them gladly, in the desire of learning the doctrines of the Reformed Church; but I had often occasion to observe how her wholesome principles could be distorted in the hands of the Jesuits. But what scruple can those have in making men speak after their own manner in order to draw their own advantages, who have not hesitated to make even God speak as suits their peculiar purposes?”

**GREAT BATTLE WITH AN AFRICAN LION.**—A letter from French Algeria gives us the particulars of a battle between a detachment of French soldiers, and a huge lion, one of those kings of the forest that range through the mountains and plains of Africa. In clearing the Arabs from around *Oued Zerga*, last June, the French soldiers discovered this monstrous lion in friendly intercourse with the natives. His female companion, and a numerous progeny occupied a natural fort in one of the neighboring hills, from whence, as general

purveyor for the whole community, he sallied forth daily to visit the Arab village, where every attention was paid to him, and his wants duly cared for. His visits created no uneasiness among the Arabs. Men, women, and children could approach him without fear.—Occasionally, it is true, he would carry home with him a cow, a sheep, or a dog, without asking permission. But he only did so when the villagers neglected to furnish his usual supply, and being a good friend in other respects, the Arabs rather encouraged him in the exercise of his free choice of whatever he wished, themselves and families of course excepted.

The French having expelled the Arabs, his lionship was compelled to take a wider range in search of food, and in an unlucky hour, on the 18th of June last, made himself known to eight French soldiers, who had heard of his majesty and were in search of his lair. He approached them quietly, apparently anxious to open negotiations for a treaty of friendship similar to that existing between his late neighbors and himself. But the French soldiers being a civilized people, entertained mortal antipathy against lions and Arabs—and without waiting for an opportunity to smother the lion and his family in a cave, as Col. Pellissier, or Marshall Bugeaud destroyed seven hundred men, women, and children in Dahra—the eight soldiers formed into a line, and discharged a volley of musketry at his majesty.

For the first time in his life, he discovered that mankind are not all alike. His first impulse appeared like a determination to give battle, but the odds were against him, and with a slight wound in one leg, he retreated to an adjoining thicket. The soldiers surrounded him, and as night approached they built fires, four of their number remaining on guard whilst the others slept. As the fires began to kindle, the lion commenced his war cry, and in a few minutes the whole wilderness resounded with the echo. Lions and lionesses, answering the cry of the forest king, poured down from the hills. The thicket appeared to be surrounded with beasts. The soldiers were unable to sleep, but they entertained no fear of an attack so long as they kept up the fires. Faggots were thrown upon the burning heaps. Higher and higher rose the flames, and louder and fiercer roared the beasts. Thus passed the night.

At day-break, as the soldiers were preparing to dislodge their game, one of them discovered the lion within four paces, in the very act of crouching for a spring upon him, and had barely time to present his bayonet, when his powerful adversary came down upon it, the bayonet passing through him up to the lock of the musket. The shock was so great that the soldier was thrown to the ground, and in an instant the paws of the monster were plunged in his flesh. The other soldiers flew to the rescue, but dared not fire lest they should kill their comrade. The unequal combat was horrible! For a time the menacing

attitude of the soldiers around, prevented the frantic lion from despatching his victim. He lay upon the poor soldier with his huge paws indented in the flesh. Although frantic with pain, the lion hardly moved for some moments. He growled terrifically at his enemies, while his motionless victim implored protection.—At last the lion moved! His claws sunk deeper! Screams of anguish from his victim pierced the hearts of the spectators, and at the risk of shooting their comrade, two of them fired!

Piercing shrieks from the poor soldier now rent the air, as the wounded beast attacked him with greater fury. Supposing from his cries that their shots had seriously wounded their comrade, the soldiers fired three more, and the lion fell! They marched forward and despatched the monster. Their comrade thus happily rescued, was found to have received only one gun-shot wound, and that not dangerous, being in the thigh; his wounds from the lion's claws were more severe, and he suffered severely from the loss of blood before reaching the hospital. The lion was found to be twelve feet long, and six feet nine inches round the body; his side teeth measured four inches and a quarter from the gums. His tail was six feet two inches long, and his height when standing was over ten feet. He was the largest ever seen in Algeria. An expedition was preparing to attack the lioness and her progeny.

#### The Fine Arts for the People.

An extract which we made from the *Dublin Evening Post* on Saturday, containing an account of the opening of the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy to the operative classes at 1d. each, and of the orderly behaviour of the multitude, who gladly by thousands availed themselves of the boon, has impressed us with a favorable opinion of the good sense and liberal ideas of the Council of the Hibernian Academy, and with a hope that their example may be followed in this country. We know of no sufficient objection to prevent it, at all events, under certain restrictions. For the first week or two it would be right that the admission should be on the present footing; this would secure to those who are willing to pay for them, the facilities to which they have been accustomed; and for their further accommodation, one, or even two days a-week might be set apart during the rest of the season on which the door should have its silver guard.

It may be that the exhibitors of pictures might entertain some fears of their works being damaged. Be they comforted. At Dublin nothing of the kind occurred; the miscellaneous spectators are praised for their quiet demeanor, and we venture to believe that we in this country are on a par with the Irish in civilization. Moreover, a regulation that is adopted with safety across the entrance-passage would hardly be dangerous on the side of the annual exhibitors. At the western end the productions of MURILLO, and CLAUDE, and



TITIAN, and the great masters, are open for nothing, are actually free, without even the penny protection. Yet a disaster to them would be a greater calamity than a scar on "the Portrait of a Gentleman" by Mr. SMITH, or Mr. WHITE, Mr. BLACK, Mr. GREEN, or Mr. BROWN. We mean no odious comparison, but truly our present wielders of the brush produce works not irreparable, for happily, they live to paint again another day. Therefore, they may safely run risks with RAFFAELLE, and share dangers with DOMENICHINO.—In truth, however, the danger is small.—Wherever the exclusive system has been done away with, the people have proved themselves worthy of the indulgence, and have not abused the confidence reposed in them. With a single exception, the treasures of the British Museum have been respected by the hundreds of thousands who have visited and viewed that vast storehouse of amusement and instruction; and the general indignation that followed that one outrage, mitigated only by the penitence of the breaker of the Portland vase, proved the existence of proper feeling on the part of the public. In like manner the plants are uninjured in St. James's and other parks, and the effigies and monuments are respected in the Abbey and St. Paul's. So safe is it found to trust the people now, that further indulgences are about to be granted, and Deans and Chapters are running races in the march of accommodation.

■ A CURIOSITY.—There is now in the possession of John L. Dimmock, Esq., a curiosity in the shape of a mass of newly manufactured coral limestone, several inches in diameter, in which are firmly embedded several Spanish dollars. It is a specimen of the treasure found by an American company, organized in Baltimore, in the wreck of the Spanish ship San Pedro, which was burnt and blown up February 14, 1815, near the island of Cocho, on the coast of Venezuela, Central America.—It is supposed that the ship had on board when she was destroyed, several hundred thousand dollars, a portion of which has been found by our enterprising countrymen, and brought away. They will probably become, in good time, masters of all the treasure. Only thirty years have elapsed since this vessel was sunk, and the specie which she contained scattered over the reefs and sands, yet the formation of the rock is perfect, consisting of coral sand and shells, in which is also a piece of the woodwork of the ship. In this respect, it will possess great interest for the geologist.—*London Paper.*

#### OLD BIBLES.

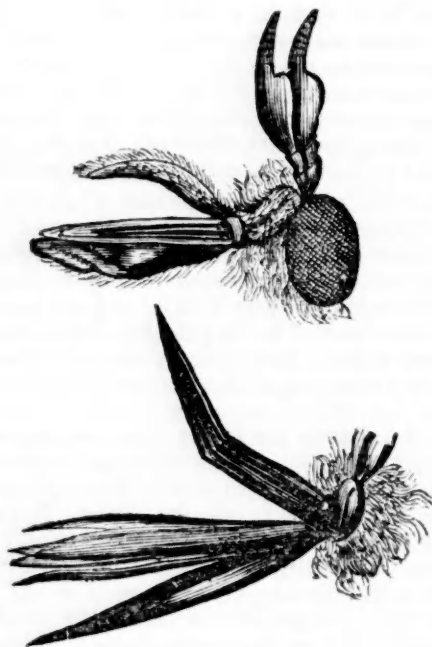
I yesterday met with the following paragraph in a Northern paper:

"*The Oldest Bible in the World.*—Among the curiosities in the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society, in Hartford, is a Bible printed in 1478, and which Dr. Robbins thinks the oldest Bible in the world."

This is, of course, a *Latin* version of the Bible; there were three editions of it printed in that language, in 1478, all in folio: one printed by Leonard Wilde, at Venice; another by Theoderic de Reynberg, and Reynold de Novimagis, (Spires,) also at Venice; and a third by Anthony Koburger, at Nuremberg.

The first edition was printed at Mentz in Latin (folio) by *John Faust*, soon after the year 1450, certainly before 1455, a second edition was also printed at Mentz in 1462; the third edition was printed at Augsburg 1466; the fourth at Reutlingen (in Wirtemberg) in 1469; the fifth, in two very large volumes, at Rome, in 1471; and the sixth, in Italian, at Venice, also in 1471. Between 1471 and 1478, no fewer than twenty-one other editions of the Bible were published in the Latin, Italian, and "High and Low Dutch languages, at Venice, Paris, Nuremberg, Mentz, Placentia, Cologne, Pignerol, Naples, Basil, Augsburg, and Delft. So that in all twenty-seven different editions of the Bible were printed earlier than the Bible in the rooms of the Historical Society at Hartford—the oldest of them certainly twenty-three years before the date of that rare book; the value of which I would by no means depreciate, but give the above statement for the information of those among your readers who are curious in such matters.—*Nat. Intel. Sept. 9, 1845.*

TERRIFIC HAIL STORM.—A most frightful storm of hail and rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, passed over this village on Thursday of last week, doing immense damage to the crops, fruit, &c. It is estimated that in this village and vicinity, upwards of 20,000 panes of glass were broken by the hail. One of Judge Whitney's barns was unroofed; fowls and birds were pelted to death by the hail; carriages upset by the wind; horses broke their fastenings and ran furiously through the streets; corn was greatly damaged, fields of buckwheat wholly destroyed; and miles of fences prostrated. In one field of beans, belonging to Capt. Thorp, 200 bushels it is supposed were shelled by the hail. Altogether, it was a most frightful scene, and the only wonder is that our citizens escaped without personal injury. One instance of heroism on the part of a little deaf and dumb boy, some seven years old, a son of Mr. Gabriel Armstrong, is worthy of notice. He in company with a little girl were absent on an errand, and some distance from any house when the storm came on. The girl fainted from fright and fell to the ground. The little fellow sat down by her side, and with his bare neck and thinly clad body, endeavored to screen his charge from the effects of the storm. In this situation he remained during the continuance of the storm, and until they were discovered and relieved by the nearest neighbor. His neck was considerably cut by the hail stones, but happily he escaped serious injury.—*Broome County Republican.*



#### THE PROBOSCIS OF THE GADFLY.

*From the History of Insects.*

The insects which produce so much confusion among cattle in England, are generally termed gadflies and breese-flies: but the application of these names is by no means fixed, either to the species of insects, or even to the nature of their attacks. Thus, some species of the genus *Æstrus*, which deposite their eggs upon the backs of oxen, instil into these animals so much dread, that they may be observed scampering along, with the tail stretched out at full length, until they reach some neighboring pond of water; and it is probably these insects to which the poet alludes, when speaking of a flight of gadflies, although the *Æstrus* is more commonly known by the name of the bootfly, while the term gadfly seems more generally applied to the various species of the Linnæan genus *Tobanus*. The latter insects, indeed, from their large size, as well as from the very formidable apparatus of lancets with which the mouth is provided, are well capable of instilling terror into cattle, although they do not appear to torment oxen and sheep so much as they do horses, which are often driven almost wild with the exceedingly painful wounds made by them. We can well speak from experience, for often in our rambles have we been intolerably teased by some of the species, which have continued to hover over us, until they have found an opportunity of settling upon some part of the exposed hand or face, when they would immediately introduce their lancets with a pain equal to that of the sting of a wasp.

In the bloodthirsty gnat, however, we find the same number of organs as in the *Tabani*, and it is very remarkable that no other dipterous insect is furnished with so completely developed a mouth, thus showing the intimate

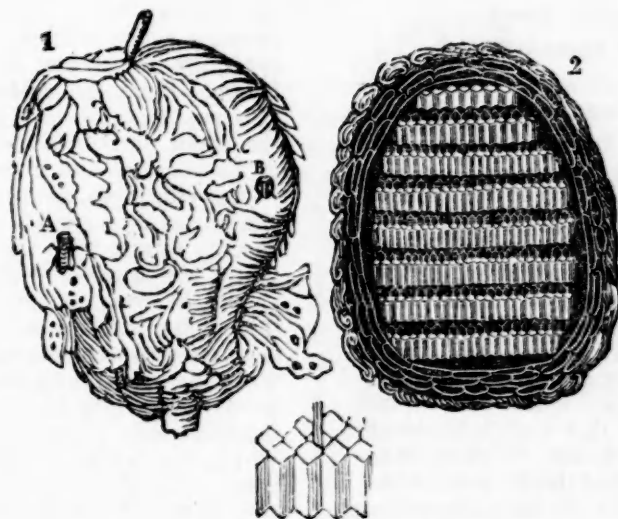
connexion of habits corresponding with identity of structure. According to Leuwenhoeck, the sucker of the gnat consists of only four pieces, while Reaumur found five, and Swammerdam six, including the lower lip, in which they are enclosed as in a canal. We have, however, found seven pieces; namely, the lower and upper lips, the tongue, and two lancet-like mandibles, and the same number of maxillæ, being of equal length with the latter. The same number of organs, (exclusive of the pair of hairy palpi,) is also found in the *Tabani*.

Another circumstance in which both the gnats and *Tabani* agree is, that the females alone appear to possess these sanguinary propensities, the males contenting themselves with the nectar of flowers; and it has been stated by an observer, in confirmation of this fact, that "by a careful dissection of the mouth, he could not discover either a tongue or mandibles in the males; it may therefore become a question, what does this insect live upon? He rather suspects, on flowers; and it is remarkable that, in outhouses and places where these insects abound, the sexes are not often found together. He remembered in the month of June to have seen the males of *Culex accumulatus* repeatedly, without observing one female; and last May he met with the males of another species flying in a large swarm in the afternoon, in Coombe Wood, in a dark shady hollow, and not one female was among them; but, on sitting down, a few came out of the grass, and lit upon his hand." In like manner it has been stated, that the males of a species of gnat hover in small flights about the skirts of groves near rivulets.

An addition of great importance has just been made to the collection of exotic types in the *Imprimerie Royale* of France. Attempts having been made for a long time past, in England and Germany, to produce a fount of characters adapted to the typographical reproduction of hieroglyphic signs, M. Letronne of France has succeeded, with M. Dubois, of the Museum of Antiquities, in obtaining, by engraving, about 800 of the 1500 characters required—sufficient, it is said, to undertake the printing, even now, of long and complicated texts. The progress of Egyptian philology rendered such an acquisition of great importance.—*News*.

The large carpet lately finished at the royal manufactory of the Gobelins, has been put down on the floor of the ambassador's hall at the Palace of Versailles. It is the most splendid carpet in the world; it was commenced sixty-two years ago, or in 1783, and has but just been completed. The whole border is worked with rich garlands of flowers, and the four corners each with a large bunch of roses copied from celebrated paintings, and embracing all the roses known in France.—*Id.*





## A WASP'S NEST

1. *The outside.* 2. *A vertical section.*  
*Below, the column and a few adjacent cells.*

In our 31st number, (page 488,) is a cut and description of the nests of certain wasps. Above is seen more distinctly the arrangement of the cells, and the situation of their central supporting column, in a nest of a somewhat different form.

The following particulars we copy from popular work on insects:

There are generally two holes, each large enough to admit only one wasp at a time; these are the gates of the city, and, according to Reaumur, one of them serves for ingress, the other for egress; such is the order preserved, that the uses of the respective doors are rarely if ever changed.

If a section of the nest be made, the first thing to be observed is, that the envelope or wall is not solid, but formed of layers of paper, between which there is a considerable interval. By this means, not only economy of materials is consulted, but the rain cannot penetrate so easily as if the whole were solid.

The combs are parallel to each other, and to the horizon; they are composed of the paper-like material already described; the cells are hexagonal; but differ in this respect from those of the bee, that one comb contains only one set of cells, whereas, it will be remembered, the bee contrives to have a double row in each comb. The cells contain neither honey nor wax, but are solely constructed to lodge the young; the combs are of unequal dimensions, regulated by the diameters of the various parts of the

globular envelope, the uppermost not being perhaps more than two inches, while that which is placed in the middle measures twelve inches in diameter. It is calculated that, on an average, a vespiary may contain about sixteen thousand cells, which, as they are filled thrice in each year, will give some idea of the prodigious fertility of these creatures.

There is an interval of half an inch between the combs. Although the combs are fixed to the side of the nest, they would not be sufficiently strong without farther support; the ingenious builders, therefore, connect each comb to that below it, by a number of strong cylindrical columns or pillars, having, according to the rules of architecture, their base and capital wider than the shaft, and composed of the same paper-like material used in other parts of the nest, but of a more compact substance. A rustic colonnade, consisting of no less than forty or fifty such columns, connects the middle combs; for the upper and lower combs being of less dimensions and weight, a smaller number suffices. In order to get at these combs, the wasps take care to leave a void space between them and the extreme envelope.

A British naval surveyor on the St. Lawrence proves, in opposition to the received opinion, that the mercury in the barometer has *not* a tendency to fall during the prevalence of high winds.

The existence of a great sea in the interior of Australia is mooted by many learned men in England. Some very interesting facts respecting that continent have been disclosed.

*From the Southern Patriot.*

### SCENERY OF THE RHINE.

*Aix la Chapelle—Tomb of Charlemagne—  
German Beds—Cologne—The Rhine—  
Druckenfels—Cæsar's Bridge—The "Blue  
Moselle."*

Aix la Chapelle was known to the Romans, who found its warm springs a great attraction. It owes its eminence, however, chiefly to Charlemagne, who made it the second city in his dominions, and the place of the coronation of the German emperors. Here he died and was buried, A. D. 814. Within the Cathedral, beneath the centre of the dome, a marble slab marked the spot where once rested the mortal remains of this mighty monarch. It bears the simple inscription, "CAROLO MAGNO." By the command of the Emperor Otho, the tomb was opened, A. D. 997. According to the chronicle, he found the body of Charlemagne not extended in his coffin, after the usual fashion of the dead, but "seated on his throne, as one alive, clothed in the imperial robes, bearing the sceptre in his hand, and on his knees a copy of the gospels. On his fleshless brow was the crown, the imperial mantle covered his shoulders, the sword *Joyeuse* was by his side, and the pilgrim's pouch, which he had borne always while living, was still fastened to his girdle." A bronze statue of Charlemagne, erected probably in the fourteenth century, stands on a fountain in the market-place.

Two hours on the railway brought me soon after dark to Cologne. Here I first made unwilling acquaintance with a German *bed*, the peculiarity of which is, that the bedstead being short and narrow, with a very large pillow at the head, and board at the foot, the unhappy *incumbent* (doubly miserable if he chance to be tall) is necessarily forced into an attitude more *semi-circular* than rectilinear. To enhance his sufferings, he finds instead of a blanket, a light feather-bed piled over him; with it, he is too hot, and without it, too cold; he wakes shivering in the night, sure to find it out of reach.

For twenty miles above Cologne, the banks of the river are flat and uninteresting; but after passing Bonn, celebrated for its University, founded by the King of Prussia in 1818, (in which Prince Albert was a student,) the prospect of mountains and castellated ruins begins.

Here the Seven Mountains come into view, the loftiest and most picturesque of which, a precipice rising from the river side, is rendered specially interesting by the allusion to it in Childe Harold:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels  
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,  
Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
Between the banks which bear the vine,  
And hills all rich with blos-om'd trees,  
And fields which promise corn and wine."

The Rhine is often named in connection with the Hudson, and some say that the scenery of the latter is fully equal to that of

the German river. However this may be, a passage between New York and Albany is not quite the same thing as going up the Rhine. Even the coldest and most unimaginative traveller—as his eye glances from the rapid current to the varied magnificence of its borders—the wide spread fertile plains—the vineyards here gently sloping, there clinging to the almost precipitous rock—the ancient towns with their massive walls and white watch towers—and, chiefly, the ruined castles, at every turn crowning the picturesque mountains, between which the glorious river is often compressed, connected as they are, with the richest romance of history and legend—can hardly fail to sympathise with the heartfelt love, the almost veneration, with which the Germans regard what they poetically call *Father* or *King Rhine*. How they mourned his temporary alienation from their national domain, how they rejoiced in his restoration, is beautifully set forth in the following verses (sent me in manuscript,) translated from the original German by a youth of that nation, who died not long since in New Orleans. They seem to me to breathe the very spirit of German love and homage to *Father Rhine*:

"Oh! sweet flows thy current by town and by tower,  
The green sunny vale and the dark linden bower;  
Thy waves, as they dimple, smile back on the plain,  
And Rhine! ancient river! is German again.

The roses are sweeter, the air is more free,  
More blithe is the song of the bird on the tree;  
The yoke of the mighty is broken in twain,  
And Rhine! dearest river! thou'rt German again.

The land is at peace, and breaks forth into song;  
The hills, in their echoes, the cadence prolong;  
The sons of the forest take up the glad strain,  
Our Rhine! our own river! is German again.

Thy daughters, sweet river, thy daughters so fair,  
With their eyes of deep azure and soft sunny hair,  
Repeat, mid their dances at eve on the plain,  
Our Rhine! our own river! is German again!"

When the German Army of Liberators returned home victorious, at the first sight of the glorious river, so identified with their country's history, that they burst forth in a spontaneous and exulting cry "*Am Rhein! Am Rhein!*" The enthusiasm was indescribable. As each band successively reached the heights that looked down its waters, they renewed the song—so that rocks and mountains, and the ruined walls of the neighboring castle Guntenfels, were echoing the national chant for two entire days, during which the army was crossing.

Late in the afternoon we reached the place where Julius Cæsar, with his army, crossed the Rhine, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. What a scene for contemplation!

The setting sun was shining on the magnificent fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the Gibraltar of the Rhine, when our steamer stopped for the night at Coblenz, on the opposite bank.

Its situation is uncommonly beautiful at the confluence of the Rhine and Moselle.



## BIOGRAPHICAL.

JUDGE STORY.—The Salem Gazette furnishes us with some interesting incidents in the life of Judge Story.

Judge Story was born in Marblehead, in 1779, and was the eldest child of a respectable physician, Dr. Elisha Story, by his second marriage, and by the early death of his father, sustained the parental relation to the numerous junior members of his family, and was the stay and the staff of his aged mother, who still survives him in a vigorous old age, and with an unimpaired intellect. Judge Story received his early education at a school long distinguished for the ability of its instructors, the Marblehead Academy. It was under the charge of Rev. Dr. Harris, then Episcopal clergyman in Marblehead, and afterwards President of Columbia College, in the city of New York, and of Michael Walsh, the distinguished mathematician, who was the writing master and mathematical teacher of that school.

Judge Story entered college in his sixteenth year. In college he was distinguished by that indefatigable industry which has been his characteristic through life.—Whilst there he studied 16 hours a day, leaving only 8 hours for sleep and exercise. This incessant labor shook his constitution, and through life he has been often subject to attacks similar to that which caused his last sickness. He studied his profession in the office of Judge Sewall, in Marblehead, and Judge Putnam in Salem. In 1801 he commenced the practice of law in Salem, and engaging ardently in politics, he at once received the patronage of his political friends, and in a very short time he was so successful that his practice was more lucrative than that of any gentleman of his profession who preceded or has followed him.

Judge Story was elected a representative for Salem in 1806, and member of Congress from this district in 1808. He declined a re-election, and at the Jan. session, 1811, was chosen speaker of the Mass. House of Representatives, in place of Hon. Perez Morton who had been appointed Attorney General. In May, 1811, he was re-elected Speaker, and in the subsequent October he was appointed to the office he held at his death, in place of Judge Cushing—the office having been previously offered to John Q. Adams, Gov. Lincoln, and one or two others. When Judge Story was elected Speaker, there was a strong effort to put

another gentleman in his place, and Judge S. succeeded by a small majority in the meeting of his party—his successful exertions in repealing the embargo and increasing the salary of Judges of the Supreme Court having caused his political orthodoxy to be suspected.

By a well directed exertion of his influence and advice, the Law School at Cambridge, of which he was the head, was founded; and in this act he has proved a most talented sculptor—for he has chiselled out for Mr. Dane a statue which shall endure after marble has crumbled to dust.—The existence and unrivalled prosperity of this school is mainly to be attributed to Judge Story, sustained as he has been by his most learned and accomplished colleague, Professor Greenleaf. This School at present, contains one hundred and eighty students.

*From the Hampshire Gazette.*

## LINES.

On looking upon the face of Miss MARGARET DWIGHT at the moment when she had breathed her last.

Her features as of marble cast,  
And fixed her heaven-ward gazing eye;  
They show the pang of death is past,  
Her spirit fled to bliss on high!

Ah, wouldst thou break that sweet repose,  
The holy calm around her spread,—  
And lay again earth's cares and woes  
On the freed spirit of the dead?

Safe from the storm, that howls in vain,  
And all her perilous voyage o'er,—  
Wouldst thou her bark should float again  
On angry wave, near rock-bound shore?

Teacher and guide of many a youth,  
Now widely spread as stars of night;  
Shall they not love still more the Truth—  
Christ's Truth—she taught with pure delight?

For though her lips are silent now,  
And moveless too her beaming eye,  
She teaches from her peaceful brow  
Her final lesson—*how to die!*

A letter from a gentleman to Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, Washington, says the ripe seeds of the plant *okra*, much used in soup, &c., burned and used as coffee, cannot be distinguished from it, even the best Java. The seeds are sown an inch deep in drills, four feet apart, in May, and cultivated like corn or peas. It yields abundantly, and is very healthy. Mr. E. has the seeds.



#### AN ESQUIMAU CHILD AND DOG.

Whoever has read the journals of Capt. Hall and Capt. Lyon, or any other books containing particular accounts of the Esquimaux, their privations, and the faithful brutes which share their toils and sufferings, must feel some compassion for that secluded portion of the human family, and the canine tribe, without whose assistance those inhospitable regions would hardly be habitable.

The dog is almost the only animal which is able to live in the arctic regions of America. He remains, remarks Murray, "after every other quadruped except the bear, has taken its flight to the southward." And there, more than in most other zones, he is in his turn dependant on man, not only for contributions of food, and the comforts of a human habitation, but for protection from the climate, and often from savage enemies, still more formidable. The wolves which abound in most parts of the Esquimau country, are very fierce and powerful, and so far superior to the dogs, that they instantly tear them in pieces and devour them, wherever they can find them. They often venture boldly into the huts of the natives in search of them, or of other prey, though sometimes caught by a trap-door, set for the purpose.

Capt. Lyon gives us many interesting scenes, in which we see the dogs of the Esquimaux sharing with the men, the women, and the children, their few enjoyments, and their frequent and severe privations. Being often inmates of the same huts, and admitted to crouch by the family fire, in return for their labors in drawing their trains, the dogs share largely in the sufferings felt by their masters in every season of scarcity, and partake of the general joy at the capture of every seal and whale.

We should hardly believe that even the

gaiety of childhood could prevail over the gloom of those regions of perpetual ice; but we find the children often engaged in their sports, countenanced and aided by that companion and play-fellow of children in all climates, the dog. Amidst the scenes of suffering from want of food, which Capt. Lyon has described, there is always one very affecting trait—the self-denial of the parents. Among no people of whom we have ever read, does there appear to be a more habitual tenderness shown to the children than the Esquimaux; and certainly there is none in whom parental affection is brought to so severe and so frequent tests.

When food was distributed among the families of the poor natives, to keep them from starving, as was several times the case, from the provisions of the discovery ships, the parents invariably refrained from putting a morsel into their own mouths, until they had first supplied the wants of their children. And this was done when they had to walk a considerable distance to reach their homes.

*Germinating Seeds under Colored Glass.*—A curious discovery has been made by the Secretary of the Royal Polytechnical Society of England, and it is said to be one which may prove of great importance in cultivating new exotics. By this it is proved that *the yellow and red rays are destructive to germination*, while under the influence of violet, indigo or blue light, the process of germination is quickened in a most extraordinary manner. The rationale is, that every beam of light, proceeding from its solar source, is a bundle of different colored rays, to the absorption or reflection of which we owe all that infinite diversity of color which is one of the greatest charms of creation. These rays being known to possess different functions, the light which permeates colored glass partakes of the character of the ray which corresponds with the glass in color; thus blue glass admits the blue or *chemical* rays to the exclusion of others; yellow glass admits only the penetration of the *luminous* rays, while red glass cuts off all but the heating rays which pass it freely. This affords a very easy method of growing plants under the influence of any particular light that may be desired.—*News*.

Plumbago, or black lead, abounds in this country; and, since it is becoming so scarce in England as to induce the chief pencil-maker there to work up and substitute the sawings, merely, at the mines, at the annual cost of \$60,000, we are surprised that attention is not turned to its exportation from this country, several localities of which we are acquainted with.—*Id*.



**Croton Water Works.***From the Worcester County Gazette.*

In Westchester Co. 43 miles from the City Hall, (New York,) a dam, 250 feet long, 70 feet wide at bottom, and 7 at top, is erected 40 feet, across the Croton river, forming a pond five miles long, covering 400 acres of ground, and containing, when full, 500,000,000 gallons. From this to the city, an aqueduct is constructed, of sufficient capacity to supply 3,000,000 of inhabitants. It is built of stone laid in water cement, lined with hard brick, and supposed to be indestructible. Its average diameter is about 7 feet.

The portion of the country through which this passes is much of it very rough, being intersected with streams running into the Hudson, with deep ravines and high hills. The streams and ravines are bridged, and the hills tunnelled, so as to secure for the aqueduct a nearly uniform grade; and all done, in the most substantial manner.

The most difficult point was at Harlem river: and here is a work of the greatest curiosity. The banks of the river, at the point of crossing, are very high. The aqueduct will be 114 feet above tide water. It is to be supported by 14 granite piers, resembling very much the base of Bunkerhill Monument, except that the stones are not hewn, and two abutments. On these piers, arches are to rest; 8 of 80 feet span, and 7 of 50; and on those, the aqueduct, which, as above mentioned, is to be 114 feet above high water mark, and all of solid masonry.

The engineer informed me, that more labor was expended below the water's surface, than would be requisite above. In the first place they excavated to the depth of 45 feet and then drove piles forty feet lower, and filled the whole with stone and earth, so as to make a permanent causeway above high water.

The water is now conducted across the river by a cast iron pipe, about 3 feet in diameter, connecting the two ends of the aqueduct.

ST. LOUIS, August 29.

*New Kinds of Fish.*—It is said that since the flood of last year several kinds of fish, before unknown to the waters of this vicinity, have made their appearance, and are now caught in great abundance from the Mississippi, and the small streams running into it. There is a very handsome fish, with bright silvery sides, reddish colored back, flat and broad, resembling in shape the salt-water shad; they are called by our fishermen, for want of a better name, *flounders*. Another kind resembles in appearance the pike, but is smaller and more delicate in its proportions, with a brownish circle or ring round its body near the gills; these are called *ringed sturgeon*. Both are excellent fish. The latter is free from and the former full of small wiry bones.

A day or two since we saw an amateur fisherman returning from an excursion to Ca-

hokia creek, with a large basket full of herring, which is another strange species for this latitude. He informed us that he had taken between one hundred and one hundred and fifty of these finny foreigners during the forenoon of that day. In external appearance, shape, size, formation of the head, &c., they are precisely like the herring of Cape Fear; it is also said that here they congregate and run in shoals as they do when in the bosom of the mighty deep, and are easily taken with hook or seine. The shrimp, or a species of the genuine salt-water shrimp, are also of but recent date in these parts; recently they made their appearance in the small creeks and streams, now they are caught by bushels with a seine. They are said to be very palatable as food, and but little behind those found on the Eastern and Southern seaboard. Every description of fish peculiar to inland America are brought into this market in the greatest abundance; in size and weight they vary materially—from the half-ounce shrimp, through all the different varieties, to the 100-lb. cat, buffalo, and sturgeon.—*New Era*.

**PREPOSTEROUS BOOKS.**

Americans do not know how many good jokes there are in the world about the Popes of Rome. There are books enough of different kinds, and in different languages, to make a large library, full of most amusing matter. We may say with certainty, that an intelligent American might listen for months, or even years, to anecdotes and tales, histories and letters, written at different periods within several centuries, and find new amusement and diversion every hour. What a pity that such a mass of amusement should be lost! Yet it has been kept out of sight to the present time. For some reason or other only a few readers have ever been aware of the existence of the many books referred to. Many of the works were scarce, and have been growing scarcer every year. Others were printed only to be kept in the hands of Romish priests, monks or nuns, and were scarcely to be found out of convents. Others again are very voluminous and costly, and many were justly looked upon with contempt or disgust by men of learning, while not a few were printed in antiquated type, or in languages not generally and intimately known to those protestants who might have felt much interest in them.

Besides, public attention has been turned

in other directions, particularly in the United States; but the time has perhaps now come, when the people will find time and disposition to laugh at some of the best jokes in the world, especially as they are new, authentic, and highly instructive, in consequence of being good illustrations of important historical facts, generally little known among us, and yet, at the present juncture, of very serious and vital interest to ourselves, our children, and our country.

These reflections have arisen from the perusal and examination of a mass of foreign books, collected from different papal countries, and abounding in materials of the strangest descriptions. No man can imagine the variety and amount of ludicrous matter to be found among their contents.—Probably not one Protestant in an hundred thousand, or even a million, has an adequate conception of what the world contains of stuff of this description, or of the use that may be made of some portions of it. It is well to hint here at one way in which it may be useful. It is proposed by some persons among us, to deprive our schools of the Bible, and by others, to substitute tradition in the Church for the Word of God. In these books we see what stuff would remain for us to feed our childrens' minds and our own, if we should once renounce the Holy Scriptures; and any man of common sense would rise with improved opinions from the comparison.

**PORTSMOUTH STEAM FACTORY.**—The work is in rapid progress. The site chosen required the removal of several houses, and they have passed over the ground like the men on a checker board. The main building, which they purpose to have up this fall, is to be 200 feet long, 70 feet wide, and six stories high. In the centre of the rear, about fifty feet from the main building, the boiler-house will be located—the chimney to be 150 feet high, fifteen feet higher than the vane of the North Church. They will begin the brick work next week, and it is calculated that 1,700,000 bricks will be laid this fall. Wings will eventually be extended from the east and west ends, 150 feet each way, five stories high, which will then give the structure a bold

front of nearly a tenth of a mile in length,—about the same as the great Amoskeag Factory, which is the largest in New Hampshire. The main building will contain 21,000 spindles; and when the wings are completed, 50,000 will be put up. Salem Steam Factory, now building, is 420 feet long and four stories high.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

## FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

### FRENCH EXTRACT.

#### LE MAMMOUTH.

Parmi les animaux dont les espèces ont péri dans les révolutions du globe, on remarque surtout l'éléphant appelé *mammoth* par les Russes, haut de quinze à dix-huit pieds, couvert d'une laine grossière et rousse, et de longs poils raides et noirs qui lui formaient une crinière le long du dos; ses énormes défenses étaient implantées dans des alvéoles plus longs que ceux des éléphants de nos jours; mais du reste il ressemblait assez à l'éléphant des Indes. Il a laissé des milliers de ses cadavres, depuis l'Espagne jusqu'aux rivages de la Sibérie, et l'on en retrouve dans toute l'Amérique septentrionale; en sorte qu'il était répandu des deux côtés de l'Océan, si toutefois l'Océan existait de son temps à la place où il est aujourd'hui. Chacun sait que ses défenses sont encore si bien conservées dans les pays froids, qu'on les emploie aux mêmes usages que l'ivoire frais; et, comme nous l'avons fait remarquer précédemment, on en a trouvé des individus avec leur chair, leur peau et leurs poils, qui étaient demeurés gelés depuis la dernière catastrophe du globe.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**A BRAVE MAN.**—The Bangor Whig states that, as the steamer Bangor, enveloped in flames and smoke, was approaching the shore and fears were entertained for the safety of those on board, one of the passengers jumped overboard and swam to a large pleasure boat—which lay moored in the cove into which the steamer ran,—took out his knife and cut her cable, and by his own exertions, alone, brought the boat alongside the steamer the moment she struck the shore, and secured about thirty women and men who were in imminent peril. This heroic exploit called forth the highest commendations from Capt. Parker and several others who witnessed it; and when the excitement and anxieties were passed, and they sought for the man to tender him personal thanks, he could not be recognized, nor could his name be ascertained. His truly noble conduct is only equalled by his modesty. It has been since discovered that he is a sailor; his name is John Doane, a son of Ephraim Doane of Orrington, an accomplished navigator, who had prepared him-



self with all necessary new and extra nautical books and charts for voyages in a new brig awaiting him at Belfast. These articles together with his clothing he lost in the fire. He rode home in the night shivering in his wet clothes after his feat of self-forgetful heroism. All honor to the son of the ocean for his bravery.

The conduct of young Manuel, of Portland, on the same occasion, was truly noble. Manuel was the barber, &c., and when the alarm was given he devoted all his energies to the security of the passengers,—leaving all his own effects, and even stopping to take the money in his drawer. After all the passengers were supposed to be in safety, he examined every berth, and found one lady asleep, whose life would have been lost but for the exertions made by him and others.

**IMPROVING COARSE HAY.**—It often happens that farmers have certain wet portions of their meadows occupied with coarse grass and weeds, which are cut after the rest of their hay is made and secured. It is of course only second or third rate in quality, and is intended for the hardiest class of cattle. It can be rendered very palatable, however, by a free application of salt, in frequent and successive layers as it is deposited in the stack or mow; the amount of which may vary from a peck to a half bushel of salt to a ton of hay. Coarse hay, thus prepared, is frequently preferred by cattle to fine hay not so prepared.

All hay should receive an application of salt when stacked or stowed away, as the salt not only preserves it from injury in keeping, but domestic animals, which are frequently much neglected in salting in winter, thus obtain a constant and regular supply, administered to them in the best possible form.—*Ib.*

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

"*Palæographia Sacra Pictoria*; being a series of illustrations of the ancient versions of the Bible, copied from illuminated manuscripts, executed between the 11th and 16th centuries, by J. O. Westwood, F. L. S. London, William Smith, 1845."

This elegant work, which we have examined with much interest at the book store of Messrs. Bartlett and Welford, is properly described in the preface, as containing "a historical investigation of sacred texts of the Bible through the darkness of the Middle Ages;" and the reader will find in it numerous facsimiles of ancient copies of the Scriptures, in various styles and alphabets, variously decorated. The author shows us that the writers of Britain, in those times, exerted a leading influence over those of the continent.

"*The Vegetable Kingdom; or Hand-Book of Plants.* By L. D. Chapin. Published by J. Lott, with engravings and a copious glossary."

This comprehensive, but low-priced work, is designed to present, in a convenient form, the scientific and practical knowledge necessary to all persons engaged in the cultivation of the soil, and indeed all who wish to enjoy the benefits of a good education.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE FROM PARIS.**—The "*Epoque*," will appear in October. It will form a new era in periodicals in this country. It will be nearly as large as the *Courier* and *Enquirer* of your city. Some of the ablest pens of France will be engaged in it, both in the political and literary departments. Alphonse Karl has just entered into an engagement to furnish a series of light feuilletons for it, to be called *Les Guepes*—the wasps—similar to those already written by him. The politics of the paper will probably be those held by M. Guizot, viz. Conservative.

"Eugene Sue is engaged, it is said, on a new work; its nature as yet has not transpired. A few days ago, the Jesuits openly abandoned their residences, and the followers of Loyola here are now scattered apparently, but in reality are as active as ever. A difficulty broke out at Parma, a few days ago, in the college under the direction of the Jesuits, and the soldiery was called to act against the students. They refused to fire, however, and the matter was subsequently arranged. No definite action as yet has taken place in Switzerland in relation to the Jesuits. All otherwise is perfectly quiet here."—*Selected.*

**KEEPING PUMPKINS.**—Pumpkins for stock are best kept in a dry loft with the flooring quite open, so as to allow the air to circulate as freely as possible between them. We should prefer storing them in a singled tier; but when a large crop is to be secured, they must be piled upon each other. We would recommend not more than three or four deep. In large heaps, they gather moisture and rot rapidly. When frozen, they may be preserved a long time; but they should be cooked before giving them to the stock, otherwise they may do them great injury. On the whole, we prefer feeding our pumpkins as fast as possible after ripening, and before the cold weather sets in. They are of a cool watery nature—and unless cooked, we doubt whether they are near as beneficial to animals in frosty weather, as they are in milder; or indeed, any kind of fruit or root, though stock of a good breed usually do well upon them.—*Alb. Cultivator.*

An outrage on the monuments of Greece has been committed by some robbers, who scaled the walls of the Acropolis, and detached and carried off a number of bas reliefs; one was inscribed to Phidias, and the other belonged to the Roman period. The first has been recovered, and the police are in pursuit of the other.

## POETRY.

## THE IRON MASTER.

BY JESSE E. DOW.

I delve in the mountain's dark recess,  
And build my fires in the wilderness;  
The red rock crumbles beneath my blast,  
While the tall trees tremble and stand aghast;  
At the midnight hour my furnace glows,  
And the liquid ore in a red stream flows  
Till the mountain's heart is melted down,  
And seared by fire is its sylvan crown.

Old Cyclops worked in his cavern dire,  
To tip the arrows of Jove with fire;  
But I in my mountain crevice toil,  
And make the rocks in my cauldron boil,  
That man may hurl on his fiercest foes,  
The iron rain and the sabre blows;  
And send on the long and quivering wire  
The silent thought with a wing of fire.

I burn the woods, and I melt the hills,  
While the liquid ore from the earth distills,  
That over the railroad track may run,  
The iron horse to outstrip the Sun;  
That ponderous wheels may dash the brine,  
And play with monsters of the Line;  
While islands of coral seem to be,  
But milestones placed in the deep blue sea.

When night comes on and the storm is out,  
And the rain falls merrily about,  
My mountain fires with ruddier glow,  
Are seen to burn by the drones below;  
And as my merry men pass around,  
Their shadows seem on the bright back-  
ground,  
Each like a Vulcan huge and dire,  
Forging a thunderbolt of fire.

Richer than Danaë's golden rain,  
Is the wealth I send to the fertile plain,  
The press that gives to the nations light;  
The wheel that turns with a thousand's might;  
The plough that furrows the stubborn field;  
The sickle that reaps the harvest's yield;  
Are hidden now in that shapeless bloom,  
Which I have borne from the cavern's gloom.

The miser may squander his golden hoard,  
And the warrior fall on his bloody sword,  
The Iron horse may be stiff and chill,  
And the wheels of a thousand mills be still;  
The steamer may sink on her ocean way,  
And the fire refuse on its wire to play;  
With me, the earth would forget to mourn,  
And leap at a blast of my mountain horn.  
[U. S. Service Journal.

## THY MOTHER, BOY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Who, when thine infant life was young,  
Delighted o'er thy cradle hung,  
With pity soothed each childish moan,  
And made thy little griefs her own?

Who sleepless watched in hour of pain,  
Nor smiled till thou wert well again?  
Who sorrowed from thy side to part,  
And bore thee, absent, on her heart?

Thy mother, boy! How canst thou pay  
Her tender care by night and day?  
Who joined thy sports with cheerful air,  
And joyed to see thee strong and fair?  
Who, with fond pride, to guest and friend  
Would still the darling child commend?  
Whose tears in secret flowed like rain,  
If sin or woe thy life did stain?  
And who, with prayer's unceasing sigh,  
Besought for thee a home on high?

Thy mother, boy! How canst thou pay  
Her tearless love by night and day?  
Bear on thy brow the lofty smile  
Of upright duty, free from guile;  
With earnest diligence restrain  
The word, the look, that gives her pain;  
If weary toil her path invade,  
Come, fond and fearless, to her aid;  
Nerve thy young arm her steps to guide;  
If fades her cheek, be near her side;  
And by a life of goodness pay  
Her care and love, by night and day.

A skeleton was found last month in a peat bog in *Scaleby*, England, about nine feet below the surface. It was firmly imbedded in the lowest stratum of black peat. The remains were wrapped in what appeared to be the skin of a deer, which was formed like a garment, and much worn. The dress was composed of different pieces united by seams and formed with much apparent neatness. The whole was bound by thongs of strong tanned leather. It is remarkable that the head was entirely wanting; the intestines had undergone a process something like tanning, having a parchment-like appearance. The bones were those of an adult. From these and other circumstances, it was believed that the remains were those of an ancient Briton, and thus preserved by the well known preservative properties of peat moss.

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